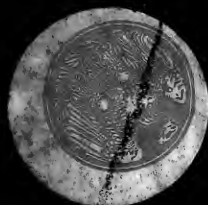


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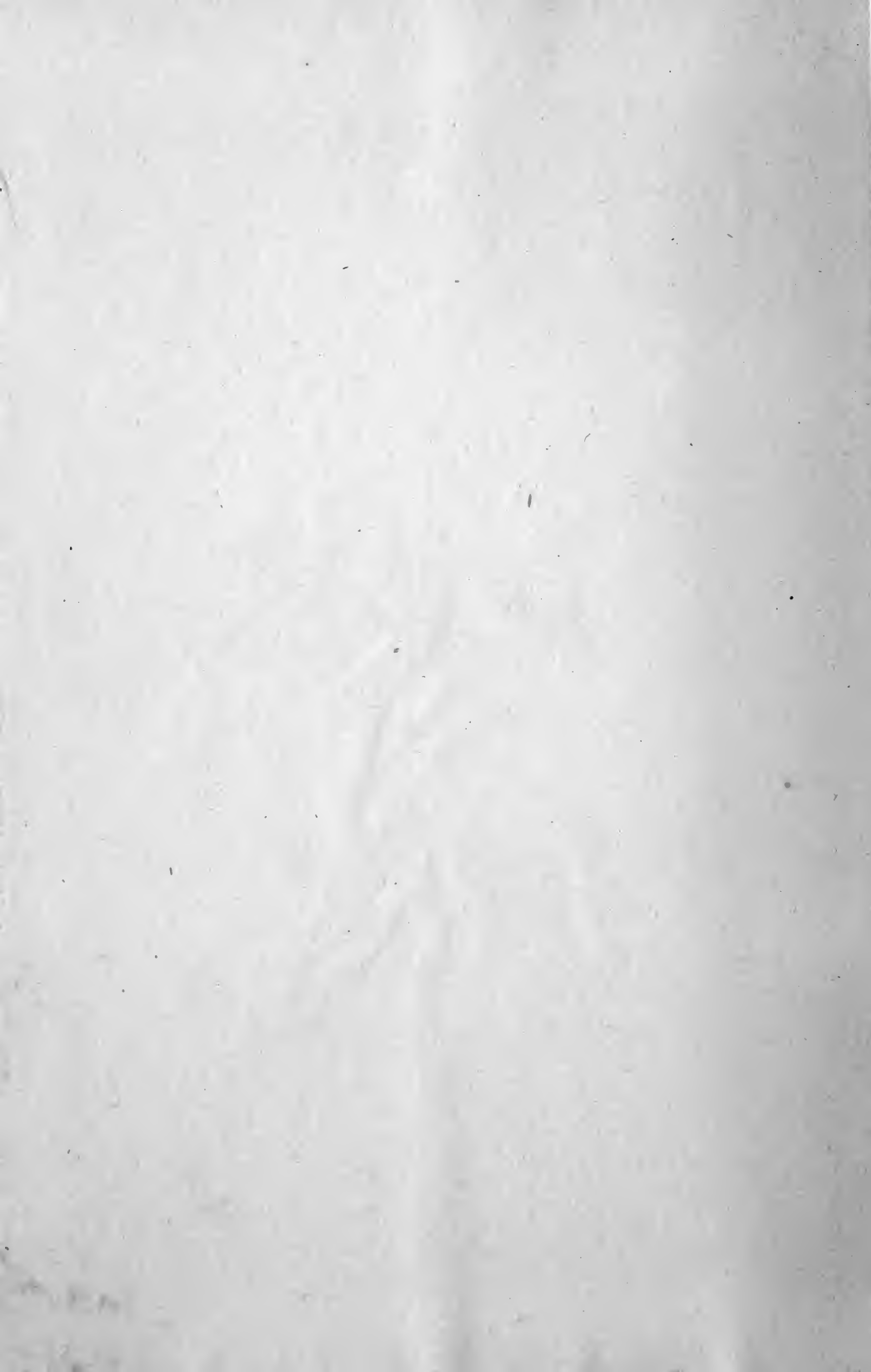


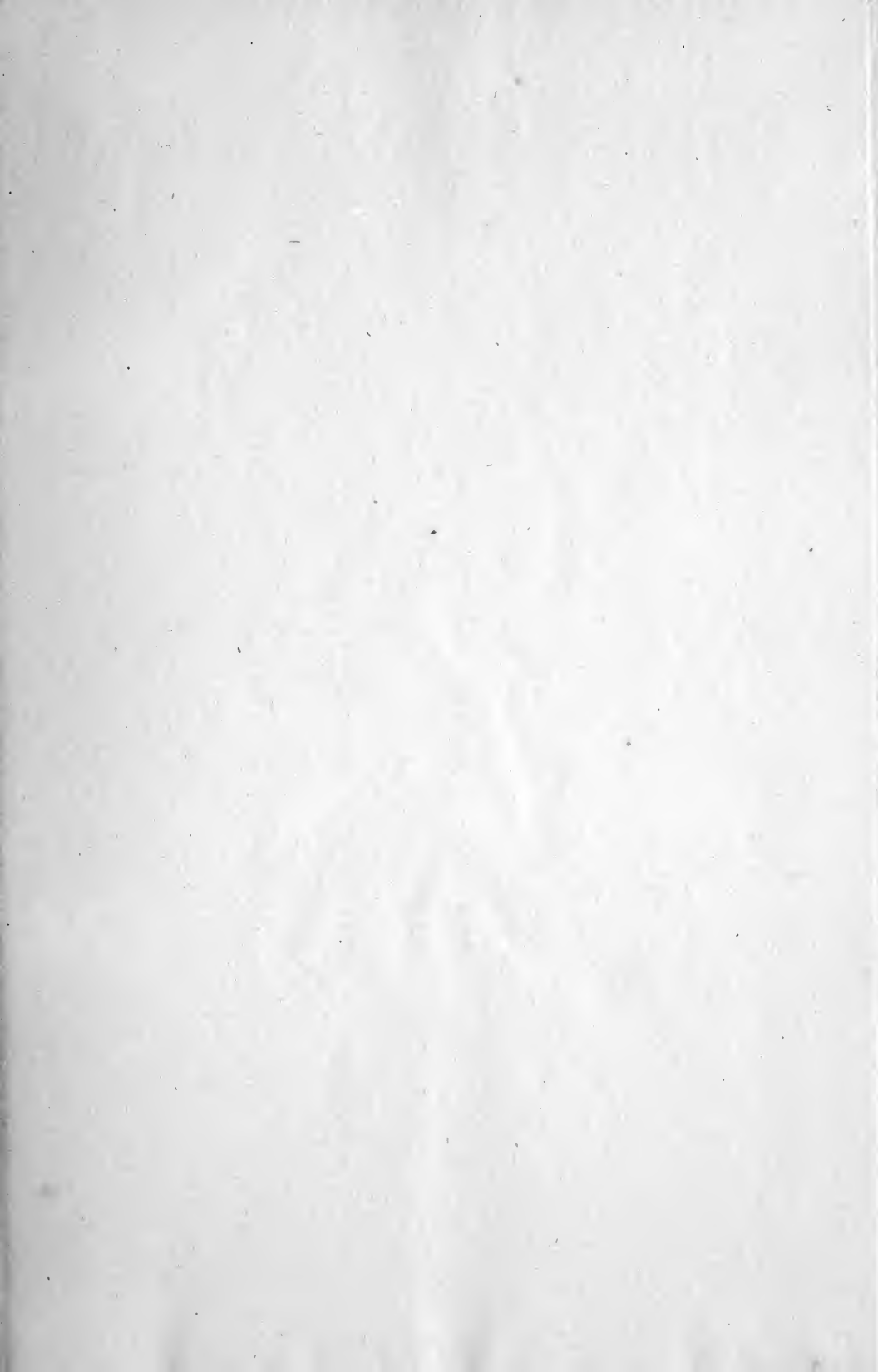
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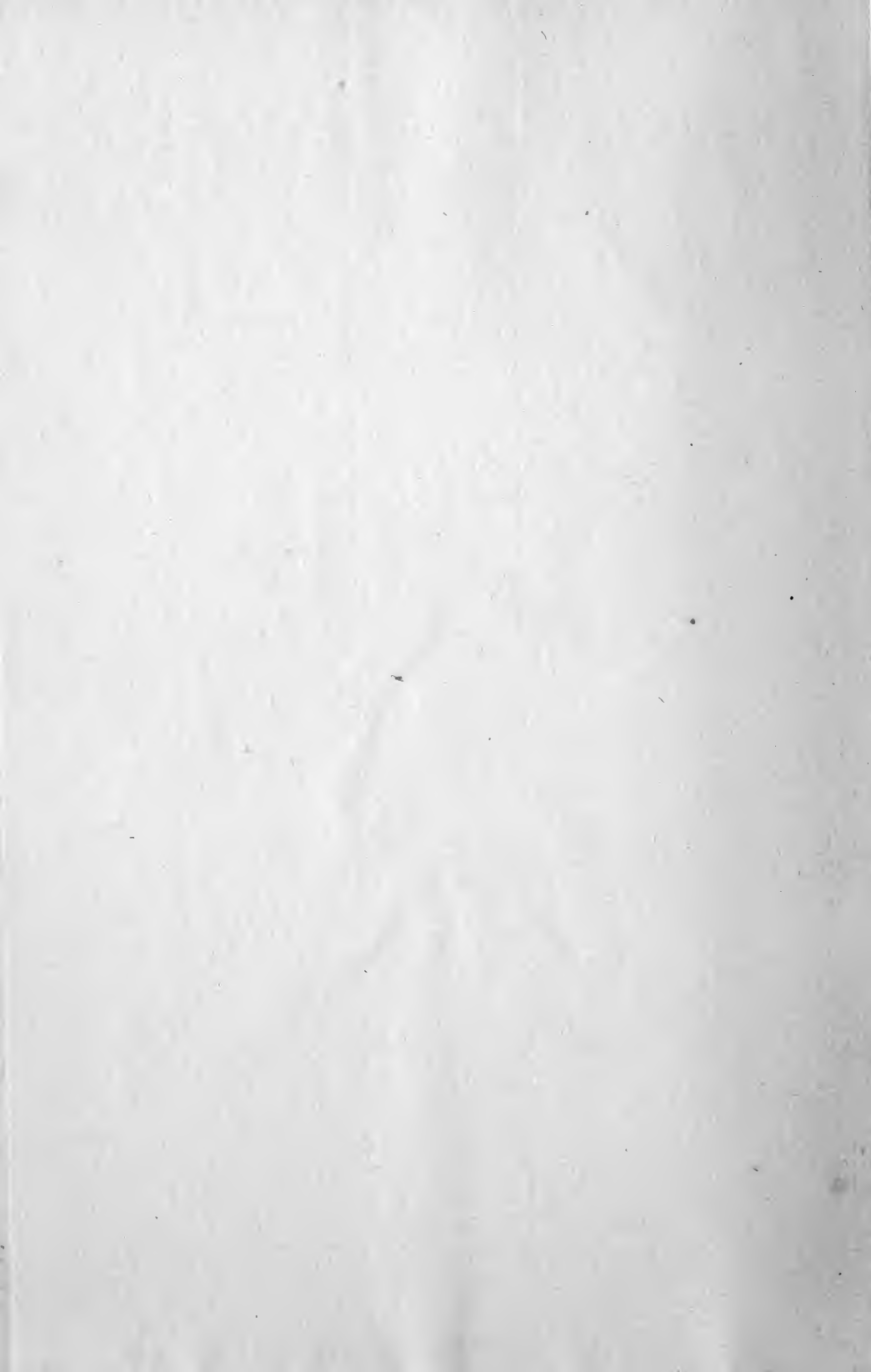
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VERSES

By

HENRY GOELET McVICKAR

When the impenetrable
Mantle of Mystery falls
From the rounded shoulders
of the Night,
Behold, the Naked Day.

New York

PRIVATELY PRINTED

1911

VERSES

PS 3525

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1911

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Henry Goelet Mc Vickar

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MAR 16 1912

Contents

Jessica	5
Love Lit a Candle	7
Roses	9
Life	11
Until I Die	13
Answered	15
A Flash	17
We Did Not Know	19
Good Bye	21
The Boy Lover	23
Bridge Loneliness	25
Speaking of Bridge	27
A Type	29
Your Work Was My Work	31
A Woman's Thought	33
A Woman Less	35
Another Little Hope	37
The Sun Rises	39
The Earth and I	41
The Day and I	43
Stevenson's Requiem	44
The Man We Know	45
To Billie and Woodie	47
Unit	49
An Answer to Fate	51

JESSICA



JESSICA! Jessica! Where, Oh where
Did you find your eyes so blue?"
"God made them bright,
God made them light
That the angels might look through."

"Jessica! Jessica! Who, Oh who
Made your teeth like white coral shell?
"Each little cherub gave me one
As white as his wings—don't tell."

"Jessica! Jessica! How, Oh how
Did your cheeks get their pale pink blush?"
"Love threw me two kisses and there they fell.
I'll answer no more—please hush."

"But, Jessica! Jessica! Why, Oh why
Was your heart made so tender and true?"
"Just to make happy the one I love,
And, Sweetheart, that one—is you."

LETTER NO. 1

TO THE HONORABLE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES

IN SENATE, FEBRUARY 2, 1862.

REPORT OF THE

COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE

IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION

PASSED BY THE SENATE

ON JANUARY 15, 1862.

ALBANY: PUBLISHED BY

JOHN B. ALLEN, 1862.

PRINTED BY THE SENATE.

THE SENATE CHAMBERS, ALBANY.

1862.

ALBANY: PUBLISHED BY

JOHN B. ALLEN, 1862.

THE SENATE CHAMBERS, ALBANY.

1862.

ALBANY: PUBLISHED BY

JOHN B. ALLEN, 1862.

THE SENATE CHAMBERS, ALBANY.

1862.

LOVE LIT A CANDLE

LOVE lit a candle by a palace gate,
And light was everywhere;
Love lit a candle by a hovel door,
And God was there.
So God and Love and Light
Are three in one.
Palace or hovel, sea or land,
God, Love and Light, go hand in hand.

DOVE FLEAS AND MOES

God I love and honor as my Father
 Father of me and every man and woman
 For there is one God
 Son of Father Love and Light
 And God was there
 I worship Him by a holy man
 And light was given him
 To walk by a good man
 To walk by a good man

ROSES

A WHITE bud for a baby's soul

Who knows? Who knows?

A moss bud for a maiden's soul

Who knows? Who knows?

But the Jacqueminot is a man's real blood

Fit to fight fire, fit to fight flood

To live for a woman, or to die for her good

Who knows? God knows.

ROSES

A WHITE had for a lady's name
Who knows? / Who knows?
A rose had for a lady's name
Who knows? / Who knows?
But the lady's name is not a rose
It is a right one, it is a right one
To live for a woman, for a woman
Who knows? / Who knows?

LIFE

A LITTLE youth

A little life

A little love

A buxom wife

A babe or two

A life all gray

A smile, a tear

And then Good Day.

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UNTIL I DIE

HOW often have you sworn "Until I die"
How often looked me fairly in the eye
And whispered in a choking voice "Until I die."
The months are builded into years
Dead laughter changed to living tears
And now 'tis I alone who cry
Up to an unheeding Heaven
The Truth—and not your lie
"Until I die."

REPORT

ON THE PROGRESS OF THE WORK DURING THE YEAR 1881

AND ON THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR 1881

AND ON THE ACCOUNTS OF THE WORK DURING THE YEAR 1881

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AND ON THE ACCOUNTS OF THE WORK DURING THE YEAR 1881

ANSWERED

WHY are your eyes so blind—so blind
That nothing you can see?

Because I've seen the woman I love
And blinded I'll ever be.

And why are you so sad—so sad?
Reach out and do and dare.

I made graves of the eyes of the woman I love
And my soul and my heart lie there.

And I'd rather lie dead in her restful eyes
Than live in the heart of a rose,

For the woman I love is forever on guard
She has pity for me. She knows.

APPENDIX

THESE ARE THE NAMES OF THE

PLANTS WHICH GROW IN THE

WILDERNESS OF THE

WESTERN UNITED STATES

AND THE MOUNTAINS OF

THE NORTHWESTERN PART

OF THE CONTINENT

OF AMERICA

THESE PLANTS ARE

THE MOST COMMON

AND THE MOST

USEFUL

OF THE WILDERNESS

AND THE MOUNTAINS

OF THE NORTHWESTERN

PART OF THE

CONTINENT

A FLASH

A FLASH—and the light of my life shone bright,
A moment and I was alone,
And only the lamp my soul had lighted
On the path that I trod, still shone.

Far down on the bleak winds of destiny,
The shrill winds that whistle and wail
She heard the insistent cry of Duty,
And I knew that my light would fail.

For she goes forward her work to do
And I to my plough stay true,
As the only thing God never forgets
Is the duty He's meted to you.

So she walks onward and I plod too
Along an ever diverging line,
But the winds now whisper two little words,
"She's mine, she's mine, she's mine!"

ATLAS

At the same time the first of the

the first of the

And only the first of the

Of the first of the

the first of the

The first of the

The first of the

The first of the

For the first of the

And the first of the

The first of the

The first of the

The first of the

Along the first of the

For the first of the

The first of the

WE DID NOT KNOW

NO one told us that love was all absorbing,
She did not know, nor I myself,
We did not know that love was all compelling,
That to be loved was Life itself.

And so not knowing, or perchance forgetting
That Life was not love—we did not know—
With never a moment spent in regretting
We made Life—love, and are glad it's so.

GOOD BYE

ONLY two little words
That mean so much—
Spell them with stars across the sky
Spell them in dreams as you sleeping lie
Spell them, nor ask the reason why
For your body has said good bye.

Only two little words
That mean the end—
Spell them in sobs or even a sigh
Spell them in tears that never will dry
Spell them, nor ask the reason why
For your heart has said good bye.

Only two little words
Far worse than death—
Spell them in silence with never a cry
Spell them swiftly before you die
Spell them, nor ask the reason why
For your soul has said good bye.

GOODBYE

ONLY TWO HUNDRED

THAT ARE LEFT

TO REMAIN WITH US

THEY ARE ALL

FOR YOUR

FOR YOUR

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191

THE BOY LOVER

WHAT a weak boy-lover is the Spring
When he wakes from his long sleep and balmy rest,
The naked blushing trees make haste to dress in green—
The color of all colors he loves best.

Each flower to another, nods in speech
“Let every seedling in his honor bring
The colors of the rainbow —shadings of the sky
To the Glory of our best Beloved Spring.”

Just a moment seems to them, to pass away
When he wearies of their colors and seeks rest,
Both his eyes ablaze with the brilliance of their rays—
Close in slumber—and he tarries as their guest.

When the summer comes he dreams the summer through
His head upon that full and motherly breast
Eyes waiting for the brown, that dark and restful brown
That the dead—of all colors, love the best.

BRIDGE LONELINESS

LONELINESS is a living death,
And the man in the desert knows,
And alone in a boat, the man at sea
With never a breath that blows—
May think they know what loneliness is—
But not compared with me.

For they tried to make me learn to play bridge
But I wouldn't be driven nor led
So now, tho' living, for all the world cares
I might just as well—be dead.

THE HISTORY OF THE

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON

AND OF THE SOCIETY OF AGRICULTURE

AND THE SOCIETY OF ARTS

AND THE SOCIETY OF MEDICINE

AND THE SOCIETY OF PHYSICS

AND THE SOCIETY OF CHEMISTRY

AND THE SOCIETY OF ASTRONOMY

AND THE SOCIETY OF METEOROLOGY

AND THE SOCIETY OF BOTANY

AND THE SOCIETY OF ZOOLOGY

AND THE SOCIETY OF ANATOMY

AND THE SOCIETY OF SURGERY

AND THE SOCIETY OF DENTISTRY

SPEAKING OF BRIDGE

TO play by night when the stars are out

And the waves are a cadence and love is about,
Is to waste one's chances, is to play with Fate—

That in some moment to come, will call "too late."
For the waves they knock on an answerless shore
And the stars they cry, once more! once more!
"Forget the game that needs a light—

And out with me through the starlit night,"
But the Bridgeite knows that "a card is out"

How does she know that love is about,
What does she care for the rhythmic tone
Of the waves on the beach, or the stars out of reach?
Or the man that waits, for her alone?

A TYPE

HER eyes were limpid, wooded lakes
In the haze of the afternoon's shade
And her lashes were whips that thrashed the heart
Of the man who was unafraid.

Her brows were like the shading trees
That lessen the desert's sheen.
Her cheeks were dainty garden spots
Where only roses had been.

Her hair though fine and deftly spun
Was like chains that prisoners bear—
For once enmeshed, no freedom came
To those who lingered there.

Her mind was like the open space
That stretches from sphere to sphere.
One star of passion was all she saw
Though millions were shining clear.

Her body, her body was all she knew,
In no God did she put her Trust
And now her soul is a "Will o' the Wisp"
And her body's gone back to the dust.

YOUR WORK WAS MY WORK

WHAT do you think when the world is dead
And the great Judge sits in state
Will be the verdict of The Great Good God—
In the palm of whose hand lies fate?

Think you the soldier who murdered his kind
At the beck of glory and pride
Will be asked to arise and receive his reward
And sit by his God, beside?

Or think you the woman who thought of self
And to others no thought ever gave,
Will be the one, The Great Good God
Will stretch out His hand to save?

No! to one who has cared and given her strength
“To those who were weak, of my fold,
I will give of my love, my enduring love,
Forever—to have and to hold.”

To a nurse who gave her life to the ill—
He'll call, "Come apart, ye alone,
Your work was my work, your love was my love,
Your seat's at the foot of the Throne."

A WOMAN'S THOUGHT

GRAY was the sea and gray the mist
And gray were the birds on wing,
And only gray thoughts of the Ocean's dead
Did the wetted wind, to me bring.

And the land's big forts of rock and stone
That give check to the masterful sea
Were gray and grand; and the fallen clouds
Were gray mantles, enshrouding me.

And I felt as I watched this world of gray,
My life! for a rose at my breast.
My soul needs colour, God is all gray—
Ah! the love of a man is best.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF

THE

UNIVERSITY OF

OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON

Printed by

J. B. R. 1704

A WOMAN LESS

UNDER the moonbeam conquered sky,
Red Stars pale in the moon's bright eye,
Part a few flowers and let her lie
A woman who's worked her fill.

There's no message from God to her,
Pity of God is slow to stir,
One of millions that are and were
A woman's ceased work, at God's mill.

THE HISTORY OF THE

PROGRESS OF THE

SCIENCE OF THE

ARTS AND

MANUFACTURES

OF GREAT BRITAIN

FROM THE

EARLIEST PERIODS

TO THE PRESENT

STATE OF THE

ANOTHER LITTLE HOPE

ANOTHER little hope has gone to sleep
To sleep for ever and aye.
Another little dream has waked itself
And joined the dreams gone by.
But for every little hope that dies its death
And every little dream that's fled—
Life gives you a thousand to take their place
For the living replace their dead.

THE HISTORY OF THE

PROGRESS OF THE

ART OF PRINTING

IN GREAT BRITAIN

FROM THE FIRST

PRINTING OF THE

ART OF PRINTING

TO THE PRESENT

STATE OF THE

ART OF PRINTING

THE SUN RISES

THE Sun rises and the Sun sets

So I'm told—

The moon rises and the moon sets—

Silver and gold.

The stars shine clear

The spring is near

The earth's gone mad

Alone I'm sad—

I've grown old.

THE SUMMERS

The sun rises and the sun sets

So I do too—

The moon rises and the moon sets—

So I do too—

The stars come out at night

And the spring is here

And the earth is green again

And the birds are singing—

And the flowers are blooming—

And the world is full of life

And the heart is full of love

And the soul is full of joy

And the spirit is full of peace

And the mind is full of wisdom

And the body is full of strength

And the life is full of hope

And the death is full of glory

THE EARTH AND I

THE Sun dawns at its appointed time,
The tide falls as God bows His head,
The leaves wither when the winter comes,
Changing from green to red.

The dull rain changes to sullen snow,
The gentle wind "is a common scold."
Waves that were playthings, are things to fear.
Young was the earth—'tis old.

I too, was young in a day long dead.
No thought of leaves, or rain, or snow,
No fear of Sun or tides had I.
I lived and loved—I know.

Each year the green earth is born again,
But one spring is given to me
A glint of summer, a flash of red—
Then winter's eternity.

THE END

THE END OF THE WORLD

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THE DAY AND I

I'D like to go to bed, or be dead, or be dead—

I'd like to go to bed and to sleep;

The blistering fevered day

Has its night to meet, alway

The cool night that cometh from the deep.

And I, why not I, with a little peace be blest—

(Mother night gives birth to each new day)

While I to the end, must forever—ever spend

My life's blood, to gain a little rest.

STEVENSON'S REQUIEM

UNDER the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie
Glad did I live and gladly die
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
"Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea
And the hunter home from the hill."

THE MAN WE KNOW

UNDER the gray and somber sky

Dig the hole and let him lie;

Sad did he live and sadly die,

For he strived—with never a will.

This be God's righteous, just decree;

Here let him rot, who sought to be

Nothing to others and naught to me—

A sod returned to the hill.

THE MALE FACTORY

THE MALE FACTORY is a new and
entirely original work, the first of its
kind ever published, and the only one
of the kind ever published in England.
It is a new and original work, the first
of its kind ever published, and the only
one of the kind ever published in England.
It is a new and original work, the first
of its kind ever published, and the only
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one of the kind ever published in England.
It is a new and original work, the first
of its kind ever published, and the only
one of the kind ever published in England.

TO BILLIE AND WOODIE

ONLY two men from our army of men
Have dropped from the ranks in the years—
Only two men fail to answer their names
At the roll call of the Sergeant of Tears—
And one took with him a pride that was great
And a wit, as harmless as bright—
And the other a gentleness women might have
And a heart that spelled pluck and was white.
They've gone and we're left, so here's to them both—
We'll drink to two of God's men
We don't care if we leave a tear in the cup
God rest them, God bless them. Amen.

UNIT

ALONE stands "The God" in his Universe.

No whining cry for help nor aid makes he

Though Master of a million wilful worlds—

Alone he drives through all eternity.

And so are you, Oh! little naked soul

Naught, but an unit on this crowded earth.

Well loved you may be, but your burthen's yours

To bear, aidless, from the first breath at birth.

AN ANSWER TO FATE

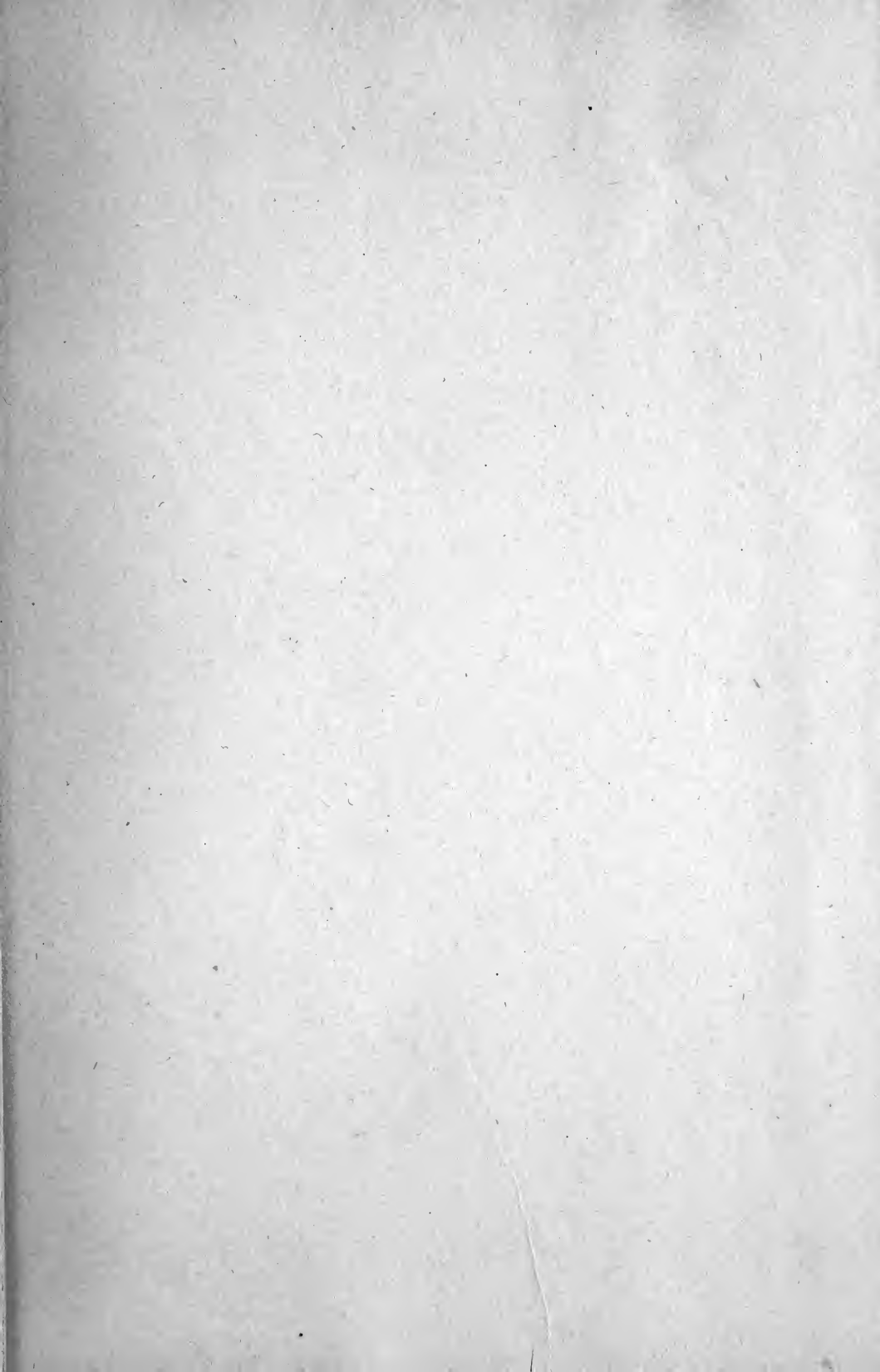
SO many hurl anathemas at fate
And wring their hearts in silence and despair,
With trembling lips envy the favored few—
When all the while, fate is but negligence,
Blindness to opportunity that comes,
Deaf to the open sesame of love
Which to man or woman is God's best gift.

Wake! Awake! Like cowards curse not your fate,
But with courageously outstretched arms, grasp
All you think fate so cruelly withholds.
Then in the hollows of your hands look down
And gaze at mastered fate—you in command—
Soul, heart, body, a trinity of peace.

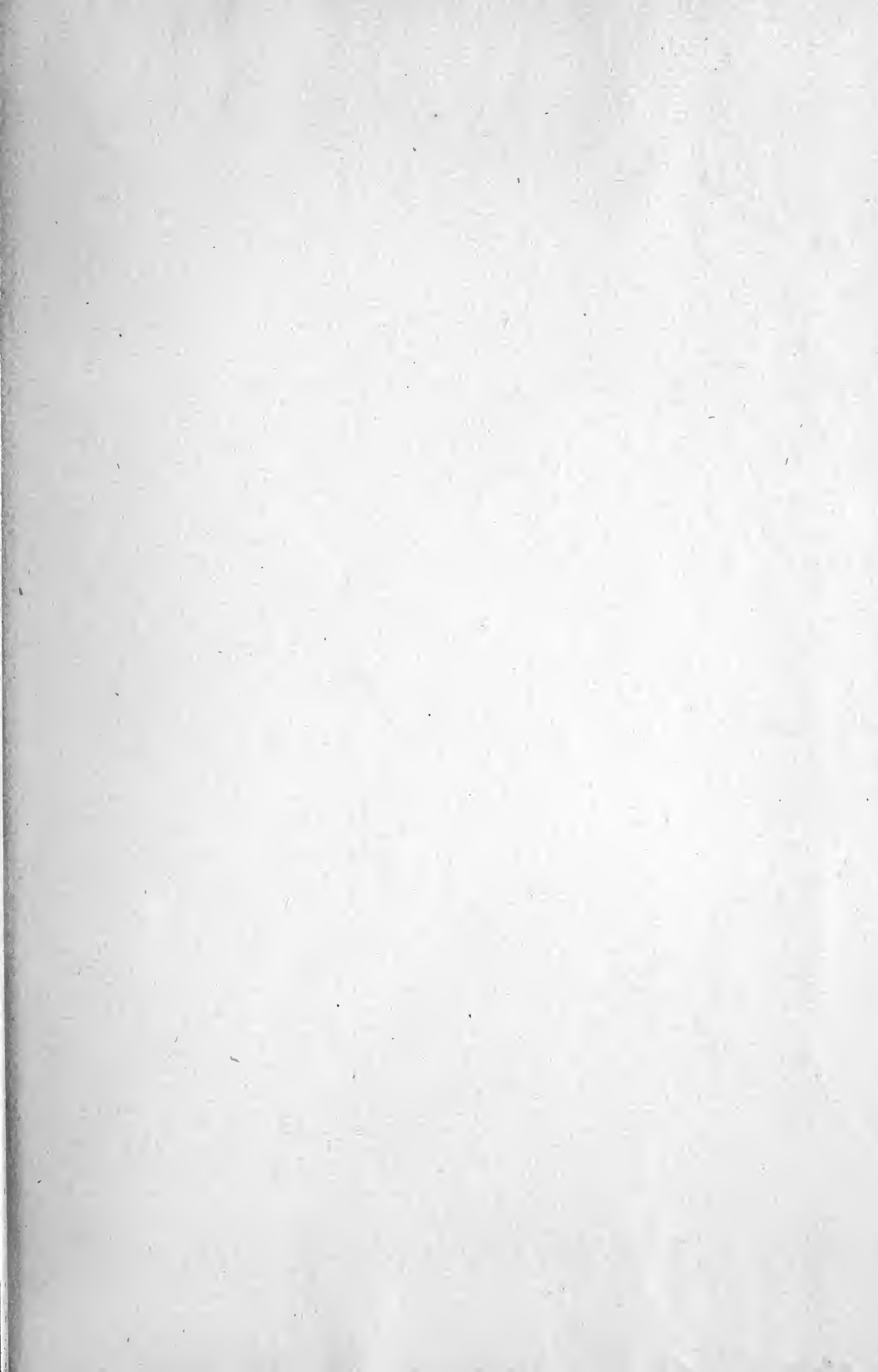
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Goelet McVickar have been printed in
June 1911, by Frederic & Bertha Goudy
at the Village Press, New York.

London, 18th of June 1841
Dear Sir, I have the honor to
acknowledge the receipt of your
letter of the 14th inst. and in
reply to inform you that the
same has been forwarded to the
proper authorities for their
consideration.







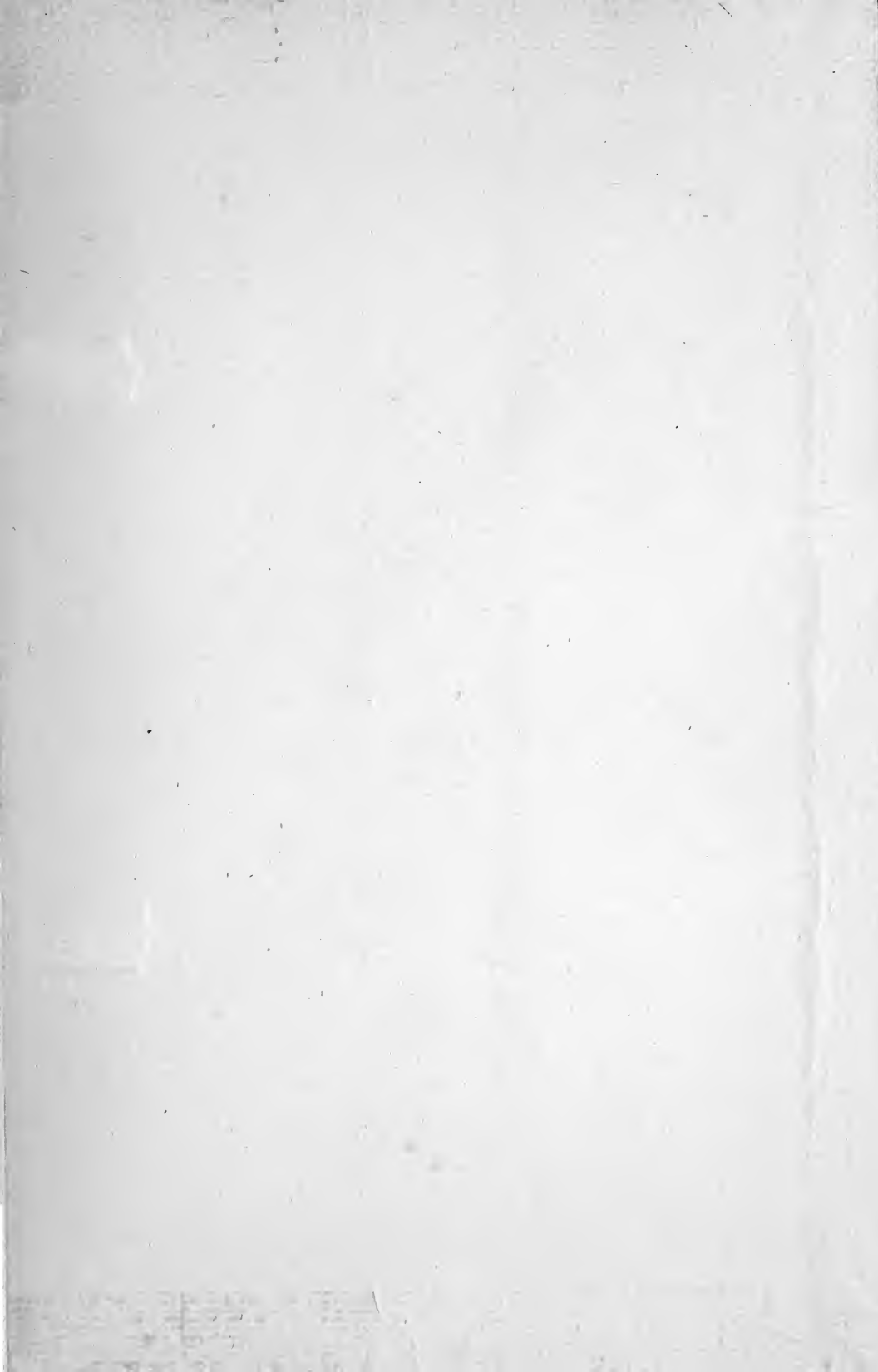


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